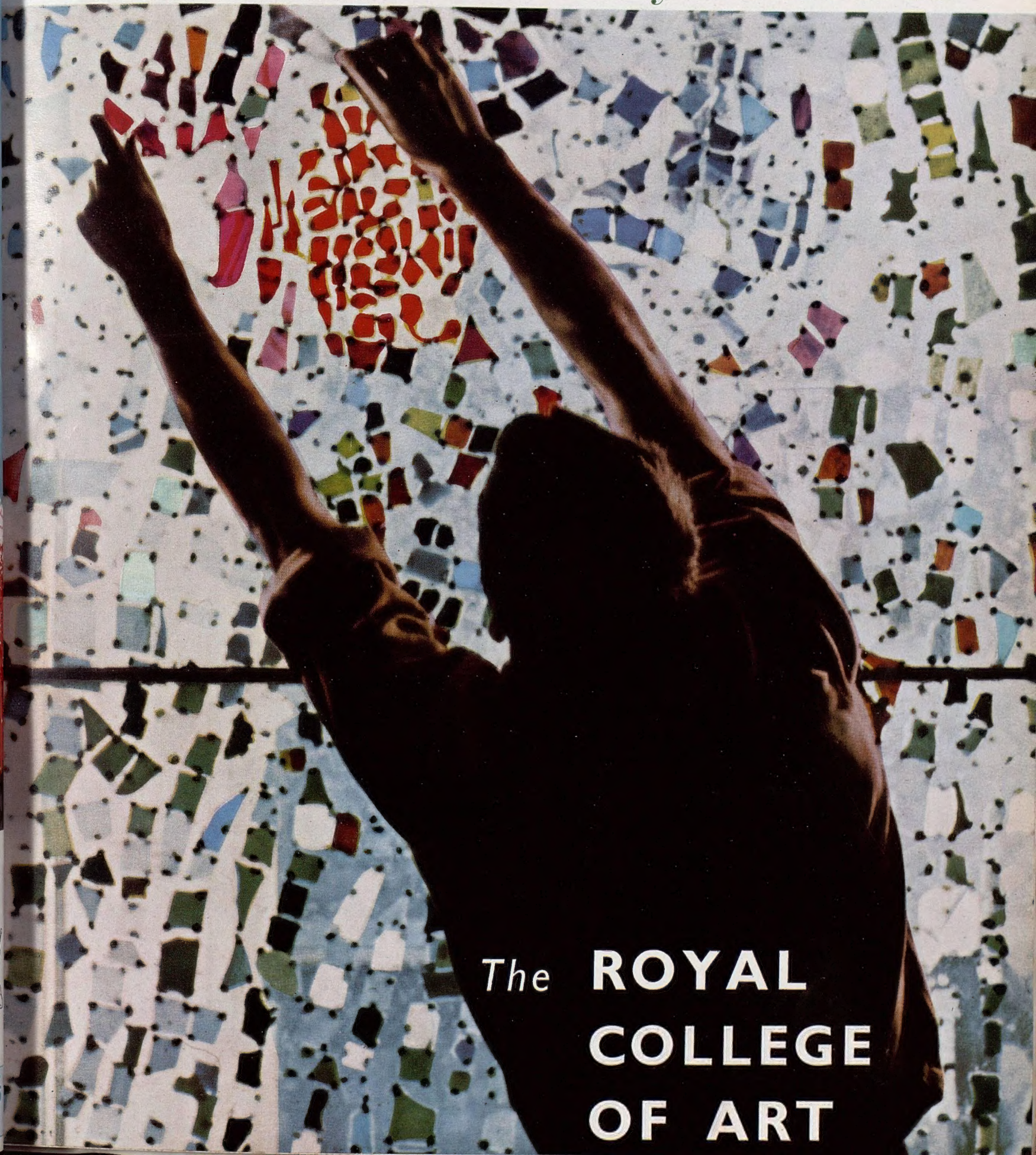




THE

Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 14 Jan. 1959



The **ROYAL
COLLEGE
OF ART**

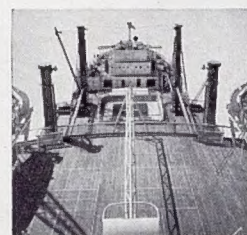
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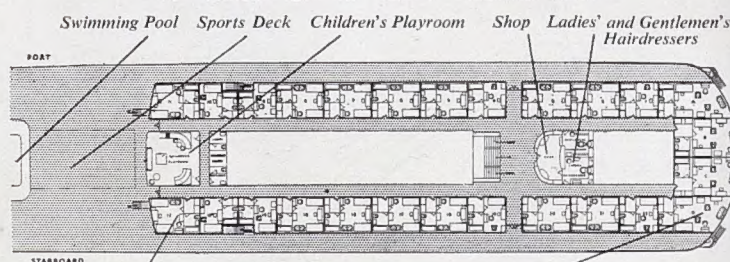


The Sports deck on the "City of Port Elizabeth": all "City" class passenger ships on the South Africa run have a swimming-pool, promenade deck, drawing-room, smoke-room, library and a well-stocked ship's shop and hairdressing salons.

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suite, is £155 per adult (£125 per adult on a 12-passenger vessel). Full information can be obtained from Ellerman Lines, Passenger Office, 29/34, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1, or from all shipping and travel agents.

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WHERE to go...WHAT to see

Planning your programme

BY JOHN MANN

THE surge of new holiday productions is now (with the superlatives necessary to describe them) exhausted. They are either settled in the groove of success, or, in the case of the limited season ones, approaching the end of their run. One now begins to look round for something more specialized. An event which particularly takes my attention occurs at the Royal Festival Hall, at 2.30 p.m. on Saturday, when the story is to be told of the Women's Overland Himalayan Expedition.

The recounters of this epic are Mrs. Anne Davies, the leader, and Mrs. Evelyn Sims. With their companion Mrs. Antonia Deacock they are described as housewives, but are scarcely typical even of this hardy genus as they had a formidable history of trekking and mountaineering before starting on their exploit. Their story should be well worth listening to.

The Goldschmidt sale of Impressionist pictures at Sothebys in October opened the eyes of many to the pleasures of attending auctions, especially when large sums of money are involved. Sotheby's have already started operations (a week earlier than usual) and the prestige of having sold £2,000,000 worth of

works of art from October to December will attract large "audiences" to their current sales.

One of the liveliest repertory theatres in the country is at Windsor, where Mr. John Counsell has won fame with his enterprising policies. His magazine programme "Curtain Up" should be copied by every London management after it has finished blushing with shame. It costs twice as much as theirs, and is six times as good. His current production of *Cinderella* can be

thoroughly recommended. It will be followed on 1 February by *House Without Windows*, a thriller by Richard Reich, which will run for a fortnight.

We are often haunted by a sense of time, and one way in which to come to terms with it is to see what exquisite pieces of watchmaking it has stimulated. The Ilbert Horological Collection has recently been saved for the nation, and a selection of the watches is now on view until 31 January in the British Museum.



THE TATLER TEAM TIPS

(from recent contributions):

Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

The Samuel Whitbread, Leicester Square. "There is a long list of intriguing dishes . . . and a sensible wine list."

The Hogsmill Tavern, Worcester Park, Surrey. "... a menu which

would grace the West End . . . restaurant manager John Ramirez received his initial training with the Cunard Line."

Guys Cliffe, near Warwick. "... a rendezvous for gourmets . . . there is nothing you can't get, from roast sucking pigs to potted hare and pike."

Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

Not In The Book (Criterion Theatre). "Wilfrid Hyde White preserves his humorous imperturbability . . . and gets wonderfully good unobtrusive comic support . . . lightly touched with humorous surprises."

Hot Summer Night (New Theatre). "A play that seems to me singularly true to human nature, and one, I think, that will touch many people deeply."

A Day In The Life Of . . . (Savoy Theatre). "Mr. Jack Popplewell, the author of *Dear Delinquent*, aims only to entertain . . . he has in the cast that versatile comedian Mr. Alfred Marks . . . and on to the scene of good resolutions triumphant there steps jauntily in Mr. Naunton Wayne."

Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

The Reluctant Debutante. "Lacks nothing in the way of sparkle. . . I think you will enjoy this fragile but scintillating picture."

Bachelor Of Hearts. "It is altogether a sunny film, and should prove tonic in time of fog."

Bell, Book And Candle. "Charming, polished, featherweight comedy. . . Miss Novak appears as a witch, and decorative too. . ."

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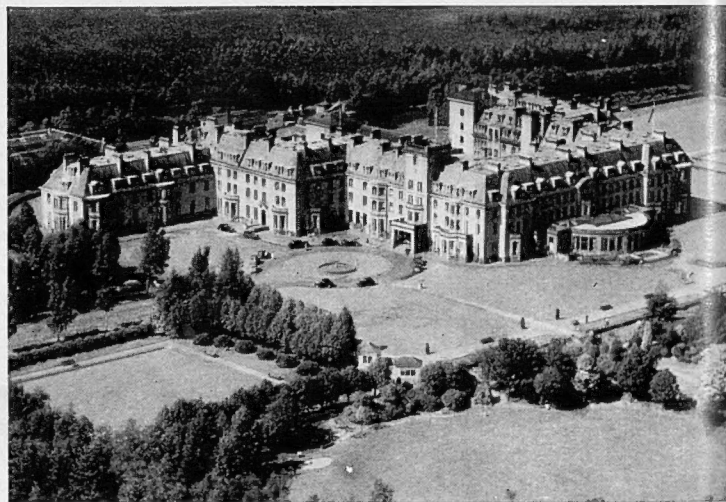


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THE
Tatler
& Bystander

Vol. CCXXXI No. 3001

14 January 1959

TWO SHILLINGS
WEEKLY



Gerti Deutsch

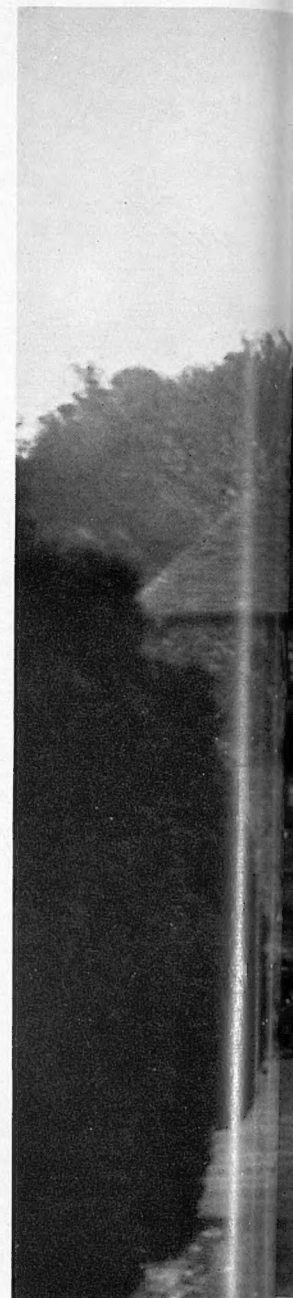
PERSONALITY
Design Professor

SIR HUGH CASSON, celebrated as one of Britain's leading architects, has a less-known rôle in training the industrial designers of the future. He is Professor of Interior Design at the Royal College of Art (*see p. 65 et. seq.*). The work is a husband-and-wife partnership; Lady Casson (pictured with him), is a qualified architect and lectures on interior design in his school.

Sir Hugh's most-discussed work was as Director of Architecture for the Festival of Britain. Last year he collaborated with Lady Casson and other colleagues at the Royal College of Art on a similar project: planning and design for the British Pavilion at the Brussels World Fair.

His activities have also included designing a room for Prince Philip at Buckingham Palace, and advising the Queen on alterations at Windsor. At present he is busy with Neville Conder on the new Cambridge University development scheme.

The Cassons were married in 1938 and have three daughters, Carola, 17, Nicola, 16, and Dinah, 12. Sir Hugh's hobbies are sailing and elderly motor cars (he has just bought a 1934 Rolls-Royce). He was born in 1910, educated at Eastbourne College and St. John's College, Cambridge, and served during the war as camouflage officer Air Ministry. From 1944 to 1946 he was Technical Officer, Ministry of Town and Country Planning.



DID CAXTON LIVE HERE ?

*His reputed birthplace
is now an author's home*

AT SEVENOAKS WEALD IN KENT IS A 15TH-CENTURY house with a double claim to literary interest. Called Long Barn, it is believed locally to have been the birthplace of William Caxton, the printing pioneer. It is also now the home of the Hungarian-born author, Arthur Koestler, who is settled in England. The Caxton claim is strongly contested by nearby Tenterden, but time may prove that Long Barn has acquired distinction enough from its association with Arthur Koestler.

Mr. Koestler, who made an international reputation with his political novel *Darkness At Noon* (translated into 30 languages), is shown above with his black Labrador, Attila. His latest book, *The Sleepwalkers*, written in English (unlike some of his earlier works which first appeared in Hungarian or German), will be published by Hutchinson's later this month. It is a Book Society choice. Mr. Koestler will miss the publication date—he has gone on a trip to the Far East and will be in Bombay.

Long Barn, shown in the pictures opposite, was modernized by Lutyens early in this century. The bottom picture shows the oak-beamed living-room.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YEVONDE





Loram—Beloe: Miss Fiona Beloe, daughter of Commodore & Mrs. I. W. T. Beloe, of Apple Tree Farm, Prinsted, Emsworth, Hants, married Cdr. David A. Loram, M.V.O., R.N., son of Mr. & Mrs. J. A. Loram, Parkside, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1, at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square



Lees—Scrimgeour: Miss Lois Marian Scrimgeour, daughter of Mrs. & the late Mr. Stuart Scrimgeour, Clareville Grove, London, S.W.7, married Mr. George Robert Lees, Park Crescent, Portland Place, W.1, son of Major & Mrs. L. W. Lees, of Nantwich, Cheshire, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Eastwood—Radcliffe: Miss Joanna K. Radcliffe, daughter of Major & Mrs. W. Radcliffe, Warleigh, Tamerton Foliot, Plymouth, Devon, married Capt. Geoffrey B. Eastwood, R.A., younger son of Mr. & Mrs. J. P. B. Eastwood, Vivans House, West Stoke, Chichester, at St. Mary's, Tamerton Foliot



Huxter—Booth: Miss Angela Sabina Booth, only daughter of Dr. & Mrs. H. Booth, Boars Hill Heath, Boars Hill, Oxford, married Mr. Neil E. W. Huxter, younger son of Mrs. & the late Mr. J. R. Huxter, of Cape Province, at St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford



Branfoot—Girling: Miss Jane Girling, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. H. Girling, Banbury Road, Stratford on Avon, married Mr. Ständish Branfoot, son of Mrs. & the late Mr. J. M. Branfoot, of Medstead, Alton, at Holy Trinity Church, Stratford on Avon



Le Mesurier—Humphries: Miss Bead Noel Humphries, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. G. Noel Humphries, Slapton, Devon, married Lt. Charles G. Le Mesurier, R.N., son of Mr. & Mrs. G. A. Le Mesurier, of Claygate, at St. James's, Slapton



Gardner—Bowron: Miss Jennifer M. Bowron, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. L. Bowron, Dunsden Farm House, Dunsden, Oxon, married Mr. John J. Gardner, son of Mr. & Mrs. R. Gardner, Banow Road, Cambridge, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Hickson—Aitken: Miss Jean M. H. Aitken, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Howie Aitken, Stony Hill, Jamaica, married Lt. Lister T. Hickson, R.N., son of Mr. & Mrs. A. T. L. Hickson, Swanage, Dorset, at St. John's Church, Meads, Eastbourne

SOCIAL JOURNAL

The town turns out for Russia's paintings

by JENNIFER

THE chief topic of conversation at parties since the New Year has been the Winter Exhibition of Russian painting at the Royal Academy. The works shown, ranging from the 13th to the 20th century, include a number by Soviet artists. They belong to museums, among them the State Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow which has the largest collection of Russian art in the U.S.S.R. Other pictures come from collections in Leningrad, Kiev, Novgorod, Saratov, Zagorsk and Feodosia (pictures on pp. 56-7).

Some people criticize the bareness of the "pockmarked" dark grey walls of the galleries (there are only 122 exhibits), but personally I rather enjoyed the change and found it relaxing to be able to go round and really study the pictures which, hung in this way, stand out much more. The first and second galleries are devoted to medieval icons, some of which are superb. One painted by Simon Spiridonov Kolmogoretz in the 17th century of "The Prophet Elijah with Scenes from his Life," which has wonderful colouring, was particularly admired. It has been lent by the District Museum of Art, at Yaroslavl.

He painted Tolstoy

There are a number of portraits, one of the most interesting being a forceful painting of the writer Leo Tolstoy painted in 1887 by Ilya Repin, one of the leading portrait painters of his day. The last four galleries contain Soviet art, and the work that caused most comment here was that of three painters, Kupriyanov, Krylov, and Sokolov, who, under the pseudonym of "Kukryniksy" have produced on a large canvas "The End. The last days of Hitler's staff in the Reichs-Chancellery bunker."

Going round the galleries at the private view I met the Danish Ambassador & Mme. de Steensen-Leth, the German Ambassador Herr von Herwarth, Lady Dashwood wearing a cosack cap with her suit, and Lady Marks accompanied by Mrs. Charles Maydwell, whose stepfather and mother Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher & Lady Courtney are holidaying in Tangier. Also there were Sir Gerald Kelly a past-president of the Academy, Sir Charles Wheeler, who is president now, Lady Munnings (wife of another past-president), Sir Alfred Bosson, M.P., a keen patron of the arts, Lord Mancroft, Mrs. Walker-Leigh and her daughter Vanya,

Viscountess Maitland and her second daughter Lady Anne Maitland, Mr. & Mrs. Victor Goodman, Miss Mardi Madden who is artistic and paints successfully herself, artist Anna Zinkeisen, Admiral the Hon. Sir Cyril & Lady Douglas-Pennant who are shortly off to Cannes for several weeks, and Mr. Ernest Thesiger.

A surgeon gives a party

To celebrate another New Year the brilliant plastic surgeon Sir Archibald McIndoe and his lovely wife gave a gay cocktail party in the Oliver Messel penthouse at the Dorchester. Most of the guests were already in evening dress, going on later to other parties. Among friends from the medical world I met Lord Evans in his usual cheerful form. Sir Arthur & Lady Porritt were there, also Mr. & Mrs. Dickson Wright. Members of Parliament included Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, M.P. for Walsall, and the Hon. Hugh Fraser, M.P. for Stafford and Stone, who has recently been appointed Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State and Financial Secretary, War Office. The Hon. Mrs. Fraser, looking lovely, was there, too, and talking to the Hon. Max & Mrs. Aitken. Mrs. Aitken was leaving with her two children to ski in Mürren a few days later, and hopes to go out again to Wengen with her husband in the middle of February.

I met Sir Simon & Lady Marks, Sir Simon receiving a lot of quiet teasing for being named in a newspaper "The Housewife's Choice of the Year" for having cut prices in his chain stores 10 times during 1958. With Lady Marks he is soon off for a well-earned short holiday at Cannes. Lord & Lady Melchett were in sparkling form and told me how much they had enjoyed the wonderful

ball Princess Pallavicini gave for her daughter Maria Camilla Pallavicini in Rome last month.

Also enjoying this exceptionally good party I met Sir Ronald Howe (formerly the head of Scotland Yard) who told me he had spent Christmas in the west of Ireland where it was so mild that one could sit out in the garden, also Mr. & Mrs. David Brown who shortly leave for Canada, where Mr. Brown is to open a big agricultural equipment fair. Mr. & Mrs. David Metcalfe were there, also Sir Brian & Lady Mountain, Mrs. Basil Mavroleon, Mr. & Mrs. Murrough O'Brien, and Lord & Lady Kindersley, who after a business trip to the U.S. and Canada hope to get down to Barbados for a brief stay and some sunshine.

The talk was of art

Earlier in the evening I went for a short time to Mr. & Mrs. Reginald Williams's home where they were giving one of their famous eggnog parties. Here I met Lord Mancroft, who received a K.B.E. in the New Year's Honours, and was in splendid form discoursing on the Russian paintings; Mr. & Mrs. John Carter, Mr. & Mrs. Denzil Batchelor and Sir Humphrey Clarke.

Lady Pamela Berry the efficient chairman of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, was there, also Mr. Hardy Amies, the Hon. Hugo & Mrs. Kindersley, Mr. John Cavanagh, Mr. & Mrs. Monroe-Hinds, the Hon. Charles Winn, M. & Mme. Georges Lacombe from the French Embassy, Commandant & Mme. Cuissart de Grelles from the Belgian Embassy, and Mr. Peter Glossop.

What the cards told

When Twelfth Night is past and all Christmas decorations are removed, I like to go quietly, through my Christmas cards, many of which have come thousands of miles. From America I received an enchanting card from Mr. & Mrs. Stavros Niarchos portraying the sculptured heads of their two little curly-haired sons Philip and Spyros, who two days after Christmas knew the pleasure of having a baby sister. Mrs. Niarchos gave birth to a little girl in New York on 27 December and was later flying across with the baby and her sister, Mrs. Aristotle Onassis, to join her husband in St. Moritz.

From Washington I had a card from Mr. & Mrs. Cabot Coville who also have a new arrival in the family; this is Timothy who was born on 15 December to join their older son and daughter Elizabeth and Brooks. The Covilles have many friends in England where Mr. Coville spent several



THE TATLER
& Bystander
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Reports of winter sports

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE: People at the winter sports resorts will be portrayed in picture reports of the social events there. Also: "Hunting the chamois" by Nigel Buxton, and "Off the beaten slopes," an account of lesser-known resorts

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KONRAD, infant son of Prince & Princess Rupert Loewenstein, with his mother, formerly Miss Josephine Lowry-Corry

Other People's Babies



years at the American Embassy before retiring from the U.S. Foreign Service. They now often take a house in England for the summer months. In a card from Boston Mrs. Kenneth Robinson gave me news of herself and her children Natalie (now nearly 17 and unusually attractive), George and Mary Howard, whose father the late Mr. Henry Howard, a kinsman of the Duke of Norfolk, died in 1955.

Californian décor

From Santa Barbara, California, came news of Mrs. Elvina Rybar McNary, who married Mr. James McNary of Albuquerque during 1958. She tells me she is busy re-decorating their lovely new home in Santa Barbara. Mrs. McNary also has many friends in London, where she is remembered better as the wife of the late M. Vladimir Rybar, Yugoslav minister here before he went as Ambassador to Norway where he died. She was a charming hostess and frequently gave delightful musical parties. American Mr. & Mrs. Lewis Jones, who were also in London at the embassy for several years, sent me a family picture of themselves and their three children from Tunis where Mr. Jones is now American Ambassador. Another former member of the American Embassy here, Mr. Robert Chalker and his pretty English-born wife, sent me greetings from Amsterdam where he is the U.S. Consul-General.

From Southern Rhodesia came news of Sir Ivor & Lady Thomas who are enjoying life in their home at Borrowdale near Salisbury. Another card came from Mr. Keith Acott, one of the brilliant members of the Anglo-American Corporation, who has a charming house in Salisbury. In his spare time he is a great supporter of racing in that part of the world. Another Southern Rhodesian card came from Mr. & Mrs. David Butler, who with their two young sons live in an enchanting house in the Highlands, on the outskirts of Salisbury, where Mr. Butler has numerous business and farming interests including a charter air service. This young couple come back to Europe most years for a holiday to include late spring ski-ing in Switzerland and cruising in the Mediterranean with his parents Mr. & Mrs. Alan Butler in their lovely boat Sylvia IV.



Fayer

CAROLA (four years) and John (five months), children of Mr. & Mrs. M. Salvadori, Addison Rd., W.14



Rosemary Macindoe

NICHOLAS, four years, son of Col. & Mrs. A. Montagu Douglas Scott, Grove End Rd., N.W.8



Fayer

ROGER, 19 months, son of Mr. & Mrs. A. Wagner, Chelsea Square, S.W.3.



Heather Craufurd

ANNE, five, daughter of the Hon. Arthur & Mrs. Corbett, Wildwood Rd., London, N.W.11

Hunting and diamonds

Among many cards from South Africa came one from Mr. & Mrs. "Punch" Barlow, who have a beautiful home near Johannesburg. They, too, come to England most summers. Mr. Tony Wilson, joint-Master with his brother Mr. Peter Wilson of the Rand Hunt, also sent me a card. He is an extremely active member of the Anglo-American Corporation, and was kind enough to take me over their famous and up-to-date Premier diamond mine, near Pretoria, when I was there two years ago.

From Cape Town I received one from Mr. & Mrs. George Jackson (he is chairman of the Kenilworth racecourse there), also from Capt. & Mrs. Gordon Kirkpatrick. He is one of the stewards of racing in South Africa and owns several good horses. Vicomte & Vicomtesse d'Orthez (Moiré Lister) also sent me a card. With their little daughter Chantel they have been thoroughly enjoying the sunshine on holiday

in a lovely house at Hout-Bay, Cape Town, after her successful stage tour. They now plan to leave shortly for a tour of Australia where she has a number of engagements.

They visited Montreal

Cards from Canada included one from Lady Mary Stuart Walker who has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter Dr. & Mrs. Frederick Nicolle and their baby in Montreal. Mrs. Nicolle, who was Helia Stuart Walker, and her elder sister Ione (now Baroness Christian von Oppenheim) are first cousins of the Marquess of Bute and were two of the prettiest girls at London parties a few years ago.

Italian friends I heard from included Princess Nini Pallavicini (whose lovely ball at her exquisite home in Rome I was sorry to miss last month), the Marchesa Doria from Milan who is having success with colour photography, and Spanish-born Prince Alvara Orleans Bourbon and his attractive Italian wife Carla, who tell me they are shortly off ski-ing. I hope to meet them on their way through St. Moritz. I could continue with this list at length, as I received nearly 1,000 cards, but space does not permit me to mention more.

Twelfth Night Ball

Lady Harding of Petherton, wife of Field Marshal Lord Harding, was president of the successful Twelfth Night Ball at the Dorchester. Its aim was to raise funds to enable the Adoption Committee for Aid to Displaced Persons (of which Lady Harding is also president) to carry on with the invaluable work they are doing for the unfortunate D.P.s of Europe (non-German victims of war still in West Germany) who number many thousands.

Lady Jean Mackenzie was chairman of the ball and ran it superbly without the help of a professional organizer. She had an efficient committee to help her including Mr. Michael Prickett the hon. treasurer, Mr. Robin Mackenzie, Mrs. Portia Younger and Miss Bridget Heaton-Armstrong.

The guests of honour were Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten of Burma & Countess Mountbatten; Lady Mountbatten is a patron of the association. They were in Lord and Lady Harding's party, which also included Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Douro, who were out in Cyprus while Lord Harding was Governor. At that time Lord Douro commanded "the Blues." Also in this party were the Dowager Viscountess Allendale, her son and daughter-in-law the Hon. Nicholas & Mrs. Beaumont, the Austrian Ambassador & Mme. de Schwarzenberg, Capt. the Hon. John Charles Harding and the Hon. Rosemary Norrie.

Countess Mountbatten drew the winning raffle tickets for three pictures that had generously been given by three artists—Mr. James Gunn, Mr. Edward Seago (who both gave landscapes) and Mr. Edward Halliday, who presented a blank canvas with a promise to paint the winner. The MacEwan twins gave an excellent cabaret and there was a bottle-hoopla as another diversion.

I leave now for Gstaad and Zermatt, and then on to St. Moritz.



P. C. Palmer

Miss Judith Nelson to Earl Bathurst: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. C. Nelson, Springfield House, Foulridge, Lancashire. He is the son of Lady Apsley, C.B.E., Cirencester Park, Gloucester, & the late Lt.-Col. Lord Apsley



Miss Natalie Theresa Blakiston to Mr. David John Godsall: She is the elder daughter of Mr. J. & the late Mrs. Elisabeth Blakiston, Meadow House, Winchester. He is the son of Mrs. & the late Mr. J. Godsall, Brasted Chart, Kent



Lenore

Miss Auriol Pares to Mr. Robert Vane Hay Drummond: She is the younger daughter of Cdr. & Mrs. Martin Pares, Cheyne Court, London, S.W.3. He is the only son of Mr. George & Lady Betty Hay Drummond, Dornoch Mill, Crief



Tom Hustler

Miss Joanna Hustler to Mr. James S. Thomas: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. M. C. Hustler, Greenways, Garden Close Lane, Newbury, Berkshire. He is the son of Mrs. & the late Mr. H. Thomas, Home Farm, Old Sodbury, Gloucestershire



Tom Hustler

Miss Ursula Christian Moore to Capt. Michael Cooper-Evans, 11th Hussars: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Ollick Moore, The Old Thatch, Meadle, near Aylesbury. He is the son of Mrs. A. M. Cooper-Evans, Brynewadd, Llanfagan



Mr. David Hillyard, 76-year-old Littlehampton builder, opened the show



A glimpse of some of the largest craft. They were sited in the open space in the centre of the hall

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DESMOND O'NEILL



Miss Deirdre Senior and Miss Caroline Cuthbert, both worked for Lloyd's at the show

Opening day
at the National
BOAT
Show, held
at Olympia



Mr. David Brown (head of the Aston-Martin and tractor firm) with Mr. Claude Wallace



Miss Hope Kirkpatrick and Mr. A. Paul, assistant secretary and secretary of the R.O.R.C.



Mr. Uffa Fox (a New Year C.B.E.) with the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Selkirk



Sir John Lang (Secretary to the Admiralty), Captain Morrice McMullen and Mrs. Uffa Fox, wife of the famous yacht designer



Mr. Owen Guard (chairman of Vosper, Ltd.) with Commander Peter Du Cane (also of Vosper's). Their firm builds fast motor-boats

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
C. C. FENNELL



Mrs. Tom Donnolly (the racehorse owner) with Mr. Eduardo Echague



Mr. Patrick Hodson with Miss Deirdre Wingfield. Her father is Brig. A. Wingfield, assistant manager of the Queen's racing stables

Dublin holds the

annual Life

BOAT

ball at the

Shelbourne



The Hon. Patrick Carew (heir to Lord Carew) with Lady Hodson of Bray, Co. Wicklow. Her husband is Sir Edmond Hodson, Bt.



Sir Charles Harvey with Mrs. David Reid. She was one of the Londoners who came over to Dublin for the ball



Lord Windlesham (he lives at Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow) with his youngest daughter, the Hon. Annabel Hennessy, at the Shelbourne



Miss Rosalie Turner and Mr. Andrew McLaren plan to marry in April. Her father is handicapper at Irish race meetings



Lt.-Col. G. W. Ross, secretary of the Irish National Lifeboat Association (for whose funds the ball was held) with Mrs. Peter Jury

Russian art at the Royal Academy

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN VINES



Mr. Eric White (assistant secretary-general of the Arts Council) looking at portrait of Dostoevsky by V. J. Perov



Sir Herbert Creedy and Sir Malcolm Bullock, ex-M.P. for Crosby, Lancs



Mr. Henry Rushbury, Keeper of the Royal Academy since 1949, with Mrs. John Wheatley, widow of the A.R.A.



Sir John Balfour with Sir Lawrence Bragg (he is director of the Davy Faraday Laboratory) and Lady Bragg



Mr. & Mrs. Chou of the Chinese Embassy



Mr. Roschin (chargé d'affaires at the Soviet Embassy) and Mr. Bogatirew (cultural attaché at the Embassy) with Sir Charles Wheeler (President of the Royal Academy) and Lady Wheeler



Novelist E. M. Forster (he celebrated his 80th birthday two weeks ago) with Lady Huxley. She is the wife of Sir Julian Huxley, the well-known biologist and writer who lives at Hampstead

Visitors write their opinions in this book provided at the request of the Russian Embassy



Mr. George Campbell, Mr. S. S. Churakov (the master restorer from the Central Moscow workshops, who came over with the paintings), Mrs. John Matthias and Countess Benckendorff (Marie Korchinska, the harpist)



The Dean of Windsor (the Rt. Rev. E. K. C. Hamilton) with his wife. He is registrar of the Order of the Garter and a domestic chaplain to the Queen

Veteran actor Ernest Thesiger, who celebrates his 80th birthday tomorrow, with Miss S. G. Lister



Below: Sir Gerald Kelly, with Lady Kelly and Sir John Rothenstein, keeper of the Tate. Below, left: N. A. Yaroshenko's Girl Student (1883)



HUNT BALL *of the Pytchley* held at Stamford Hall, Rugby



Stamford Hall, with its many fine paintings (extreme left), was lent by Lord & Lady Braye (left). It dates from 1690



Left: Miss Sarah Maxwell (a débutante this year) with Mr. Simon Walford. Right: Miss Davina Griffiths and Mr. R. Nicholson



The recently married Marquess & Marchioness of Northampton

Mr. Robert Constable Maxwell with his sister, the Countess of Carrick



Mr. David Sandys Renton and Miss Sarah Friedberger (standing) with Mr. Peter Talbot-Ponsonby and Miss Teresa Hayter. Below right: Mr. Angus Ogilvy with the Hon. Mrs. G. J. Lowther (her husband is one of the three Joint Masters of the Pytchley Hunt)



HUNT BALL

of the Berkeley
held at The Berkeley
Gloucester

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. SWAEBE

WEDDING

The three child bridesmaids: Marion Hamilton-Russell, Juliet Crawley-Boevey and the Hon. Catherine Vere



The Hon. Denys Buckley (he is a Treasury Junior Counselor in Chancery) and Mrs. Buckley, parents of the bride



Major & Mrs. Peter Clifford sitting out Mr. & Mrs. A.S. Maxwell and (centre) Mr. & Mrs. H. Bellingham

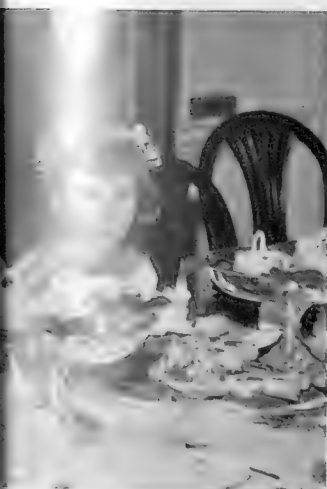


Mr. Julian Sturgess and Miss Caroline Price Miss Ann Hooper, Mr. Christopher Hart and Mr. Robin Kemp The Hon. Kirstin Lowther and Capt. B. W. Bell

Mr. Christopher Slade and Miss Jane Buckley at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Mr. Julian Slade, best man and brother of the groom, with Mrs. G. P. Slade

Col. C. E. Wauchope, whose wife is the bride's aunt, and Mr. Clive Burt



Col. C. E. Wauchope with Lady de Rosci, a cousin of the bride

Miss Miranda and Miss Catherine Buckley, the two older bridesmaids, are sisters of the bride. Here they are welcoming Sir Charles & Lady Russell

The bride and groom cut the cake. 650 guests attended the reception at 40 Brunswick Square



Just about the time when those
resolutions (especially the economy ones)
start collapsing, here's an analysis of

Why you're still broke . . .

by ELIZABETH SMART

I'VE BEEN DOING a little Market Research to find out how people *do* save money these days. I've tried to take a cross-section of the community as far as ages and types go, but I've thought it more useful to keep mostly in the surtax group, as that's where the pinch seems to be felt hardest.

It will be seen from the eight case histories below that the important thing about economizing is not in fact what you save but how you feel. A fraction of a penny saved by using a paper handkerchief to the shreddy end can give you an immense amount of that ardent virtuous self-denying feeling—which is, after all, the point. You feel thrifty, put-upon, poor but ingenious, while all about you extravagant, carefree, immorally rich people wantonly discard their paper handkerchiefs. You cut down the milk for two of you to half a pint a day and the nasty little suffering at breakfast next day makes you understand the cruel state of the world, and especially the cruel state of your own finances. If people only *knew* how you deserved that consolatory Viennese pastry you have later!

Anyhow, these case histories show, and you might as well face it, that *nobody* can afford to live today. Your economical resolutions should really be chosen to give you the feeling that you are *trying*, at least.

CASE 1. Young woman. Age 25. Joint income with husband £3,000.

Economies: Goes miles for bargains (2d. off, etc.); buys three for the price of one; has cauliflower-cheese three nights a week; uses groundnut oil instead of olive; buys savings stamps sometimes; doesn't buy new magazines; doesn't have her shoes mended.

Comment: The bargains are so heavy she has to take a taxi back. She only needed one and by the time she needs the second it's half the price anyway, or bad; she feels weak after the cauliflower and needs some good solid oysters at Wheeler's; she feels mean about the oil so pops into Fortnums for a delicacy or two to camouflage things; she cashes the stamps: she buys the magazines later and feels out of date; she needs new shoes.

CASE 2. Young man. Age 24. Salary £1,500. Prospects.

Economies: Shaves himself; doesn't buy after-shave lotion; walks to work (4d. a day); only gets £3 a week from the bank and borrows rest; asks girls to meet him at theatre; chooses girl friends who don't drink, like knitting chunky sweaters and cooking chunky meals in tiny flatlets.

Comment: Economically unsound, but emotionally satisfying.

CASE 3. Young couple in their 30's. Joint income £4,000. Capital well invested.

continued on page 71



NEWS
PORTRAITS



Ida Kar

CHURCH Artist Glyn Jones (*left*) took tiny coral beads from his wife's jewel box to complete the life-sized dove at the centre of his 40 ft. mural in the roof of the re-dedicated church of St. Bride's in Fleet Street. He used rubies for the bird's eyes. The altarpiece and the stained-glass window are also his work



COMMANDER Earl Mountbatten of Burma, has been appointed the new Chief of the Defence Staff. He will take over his new post as adviser to the Defence Minister on all Army, Navy and Air Force matters in July. Lord Mountbatten, 58, has been First Sea Lord since April, 1955. He succeeds Air Marshal Sir William Dickson as Britain's Defence Supremo



CHRISTENING *Right:* Track heroes Chris Chataway and Chris Brasher, who have both just announced their engagements, were god-fathers when Clive, baby son of Dr. Roger Bannister (first of the four-minute milers) was christened at Ail Souls' Church, Langham Place. With the parents (Mr. Bannister is holding daughter Erin) are the Rev. J. R. Stott (Rector of All Souls) and godmother, Mrs. N. McWhirter



Side-saddle on a mule

Working in the field—under male supervision



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
P. R. REDMAYNE



At the well

At the community laundry



Leading the ox to plough



Where the women wear trilbies

IRIS MERLE describes a visit to the Alentejo province of southern Portugal, where a fantastic feast was held in her honour

AT MY HOTEL in Lisbon I was telephoned by a Portuguese friend, inviting me to spend the weekend at her brother's house in the country. I assented gladly because Maria-José and her husband were a charming couple, and also because I never easily forgo the chance of getting out into the countryside, wherever I am. I did inquire casually where we would be going. The reply was: "To the Alentejo. You'll like it!"

I mentioned at my hotel that I was not sure whether I would be back on Sunday evening or early on the Monday morning. Then we left Lisbon, going through Villa Franca de Xira, noted for its bullfight pageantry, and over the Tagus by the fine toll-bridge. On through the fertile Ribetejo (so good for cattle-breeding), where herds of bulls and of horses grazed on either side of the road and many *campinos*, with their gay caps, came along on horseback; past paddy fields, vineyards, groves of olive trees, forests of queerly shaped cork trees, and through lovable little villages.

As soon as we passed into the Alentejo the quaint, typical costumes were to be seen. Women and girls with high, tight-fitting black leather boots, baggy black breeches, white-embroidered aprons, close-fitting ornate bodices, white shawls enveloping shoulders and heads and surmounted by wide-brimmed, black hats. In the paddy fields the women worked bare-footed. The men had long, sleeveless coats of sheepskin, and often a coloured blanket thrown over one shoulder. Farmers or owners of vineyards and olive groves wore the conventional black suits, but with wide-brimmed, rather low-crowned *cavaleiro* hats. Their young sons would also wear little *cavaleiro* hats. It was quite usual to see men or women on horseback holding up enormous black umbrellas, against the sunshine.

We stopped at the market in Estremoz to buy some of the famous and lovely local pottery—bowls, statuettes, and water pots—and to see the ruins of Isabel of Aragon's castle. Then again at the picturesque fortress of Elvas, where steep, narrow streets of white houses twist up to the old castle. The Aqueduto das Amoreiras (Mulberry Tree aqueduct) is amazingly well preserved. Just outside the town is the charming Pousada,

furnished completely with regional work. We visited Vila Vicosa, to see the rich treasures in the ducal palace; and fantastic Evora, full of wonderful historic monuments, including a second-century Roman temple. Beja, once an important Moorish settlement, I found quaint and interesting. Then came Mertola, a wonderland of archaeological treasure. 'Traces of the Roman settlement—Myrtillies—are all around.

We ran northwards for some time, through the dark. Fires had been lit where shepherds had gathered their flocks into small stockades. They would lie by the fires, explained Maria-José, while their dogs helped to keep watch through the night. It was still. Occasionally the call of some bird of prey was heard. At about one in the morning, my companion whispered: "Listen!" From the far slopes to the north-east came the sound of wolves calling.

We arrived, and suddenly there was life, gaiety and noise. The family, the servants, and everyone connected with the estate, appeared to welcome us. An enormous meal was ready. Afterwards someone suggested songs special to that area, and Maria-José—called by her friends the *Rouxinol* (nightingale) because of her sweet voice—sang solos. It was 4.30 a.m. before we got to bed.

Even so, I was wakened at nine with: "Coffee, coffee, hurry and have it. The men are waiting to start the pig-killing!" This, it seemed, was a real ritual, and everyone must be present. The house was single-storied, as is usual there, but spacious, with rooms leading one from another, and stone corridors with more rooms opening off them. Then there were more rooms and out-buildings round a large courtyard, where there grew lemon and orange trees, giant oleander bushes, climbing roses, clusters of white lilies and red cannas. The perfume was wonderful. Members of the family had arrived with numerous friends. The children crowded round, eager to say "Good-morning" to "Tia Inglesa."

A large, sharp stiletto was used for the pig. Maybe it was an old-fashioned method, but certainly a quick one. Two men held forkfuls of blazing dried olive branches to the carcase, while others quickly scraped off the scorched bristles and skin, and soon it looked spotless

enough for a harvest festival. As he was about to start the cutting up the butcher made a quick snip, then with a ceremonial bow offered me part of the poor pig, saying: "To you, our honoured guest, Senhora, for good fortune, and to the fructification of all your wishes!" Then they all took their glasses and drank to me.

Certain joints were to be prepared for sausage-making, others for curing, and yet others for consumption within the next day or so. A dozen people were busy on this. Women and girls chopped away at piles of herbs and garlic cloves and, while they worked, they all sang songs which had come down to them through many generations. Girls sliced liver and other bits of "fry," and strung them on metal skewers, which they held over a wood fire. These we ate burning hot with hunks of black bread, slices of lemon, olives and small gherkins, and copious drinks of "our own" wine. This wine had a strangely rich flavour, yet it was not sweet. It was a deep, rosy apricot in colour and it had a bouquet like sweet peas. The vineyards producing this must be extensive, and the yield great for though everyone in the district drinks amazingly large quantities of it continually, supplies never show any signs of diminishing.

The procedure was the same for all three pigs killed. They were large ones, too, weighing 191, 193½ and 214 lb. The strong perfume of the flowers mingled with the heavy wood smoke, the smell of roasting liver, the singeing of bristles, and the pungency of raw garlic mixed with parsley, thyme, fennel, and other herbs. With it was the all-pervading smell of sweet peas, for "our wine" flowed continually. No one seemed to be in the least affected. It was, in any case, their habitual beverage.

Over a period of some hours we had repeatedly eaten these skewered tit-bits of meat, and quenched our thirst. So I thought that this lengthy snack-style meal—un-orthodox but tasty—was the main repast. Not a bit of it. At four, a serving girl announced that lunch was ready. Nearly 40 of us sat down in the enormous dining-room. What a feast was served! We finished off with sheeps' cheese and oranges (such

continued overleaf



Where the women wear trilbies

continued from overleaf

oranges as I had never before tasted, large and juicy, and of a wonderful flavour). My host said: "Tomorrow you shall see where they grow. Of course you like our oranges, they are the finest in the world, from Vidiguera." Then, without any signal, the whole company suddenly started singing *Laranja de China*, a gay Alentejana folk song, with a haunting melody.

I think I have never come across folk quite so happy and light-hearted as these Alentejanos. There was a Pedrogao song of a country girl and her lover, *Ser Casado*, *A Macela*, and the favourite story of the girl with eyes the colour of green lemons (*Os Olhos de Marienita*).

We piled into cars and shooting-brakes to go to "one of the farms" for dinner. We drove between miles of olive groves, visited one of the olive pressing factories, and went on past vineyards and miles of wheatland. It was dusk when we arrived at the hill-top farm. One room was like a medieval hall and it was here we danced, on the stone-slabbed floor. For, on our arrival, the concertinas and piano accordions started, and as soon as one stopped another broke in with a fresh tune. So it went on until five the next morning, when we set off on the journey back. Outside there was a large terrace and, when the moon had risen, we danced out there as well. What a view! Rolling countryside stretched away to a distant mountain range. Dinner went on for hours—continual roastings of pork were made. We ate a few mouthfuls, and danced again. All sang as they danced. No one ever seemed tired. I discovered later that I had danced completely through the soles of both my shoes that night!

On the Monday we went to the Guadiana River, one of the most beautiful in existence. Few people ever visit it, for it is well off the beaten track. One has an impression of being somewhere far away from the rest of the world. After a long ride, we came to a

land of terrifying rocks, between which the river twisted, often making frisky little falls. Rocks were splattered with rich daubs of colour from gorse, rosemary, broom, lavender, and many other flowers, which all grew in profusion. The sky was a vivid blue.

A dusty miller came out to greet us from one of the two small, stone, flour mills (owned by my host), under which the water gurgled. In winter nothing is seen of the mills, for the river in deep spate sweeps right over them. Many different fish from the river had gone into a delectable fish-soup, which was already simmering in several large cauldrons, set over wood fires. A sheep had been killed, and was cooking over a log fire in the wide fireplace of one mill. Bread, cheese and plates, and great quantities of "our wine" had come with us.

After lunch (there were 50 or so of us now) we danced on the rocks, and sang, then wandered by the banks of that beautiful river. Over the rocks, followed by his dog, a tall shepherd came striding. He still wore his thick sheepskin, despite the hot sun. He gave a friendly greeting, then stayed silhouetted stark against the sky, he and the dog looking intently into the distance, in case any of the flock had wandered too far—a Biblical scene. No one else came near us that day.

The miller lent us his little rowing boat, with a warning not to go too near the falls. We had a picnic dinner on the bank. Then the moon rose and, with its soft light, gave the scene an incredible beauty. The musicians started once more their haunting, impelling tunes, and on the sandy patches of beach, and on the rough rocks we danced, and sang: *Lá vai Serpa*, *Olé* and often again *Os Olhos de Marienita*. Not long before the dawn we drove back, to sleep a little.

On Tuesday we went to the orange farm (more of the "family" always joining our party). One aunt had supervised the preparation of a lunch which must have been

intended to outvie all the other meals. It was wonderful, as was also the landscape—miles of orange groves up and down the hillside. Young oranges and full ones were on the trees together with some of the lovely white blossom, with its intoxicating smell. Paths through the groves were bordered with flowers of many varieties, all adding colour and perfume. Here and there were peach trees in full bloom.

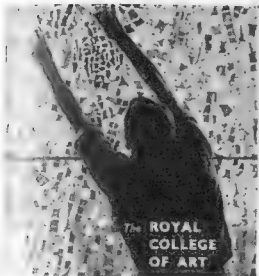
Joaquim, the chubby two-year-old son of the farm manager, toddled around all day in his little sheepskin cloak and helmet, although the sun was hot. Need I say there was singing and dancing again? They are as necessary to those people as breathing.

Later we drove farther east (almost into Spain) calling at a cheese farm, where some 2,000 sheep are kept for their milk. These "Serpa" cheeses are good. They are put into special wicker cheese-baskets, for maturing and travelling. Here, I saw two sarcophagi (one a child's). They had been dug up that week, near a gnarled olive tree known to be over 1,000 years old—by no means the only olive tree of such an age on that farm.

Our destination was a "Tentativa," where young bulls were being tested to see what sort of fighters they were likely to turn into. The "ring" was formed by closely wedged farm carts, which were also used as grandstands and tightly packed ones too. Friends had come from all around—the Tentativa was lasting for three days. Many of the young boys were dressed in miniature matador suits. At times boys of perhaps four to seven years of age were allowed into the ring with a few young calves; they waved their little red capes in imitation of their fathers, and ran shrieking with laughter when the calves decided to do some chasing.

In a large, long barn, we sat down at long trestle tables to a gargantuan meal which was like some banquet of the Middle Ages. The wine flowed. Little "ranchos" of men sang and sang. Later, we piled round the ring again, while more bulls were tested. Then back to the barn, for more feasting, singing and music. In this region of song, as soon as three or more men are together—whether working, or meeting somewhere, indoors or out—they instinctively become a "rancho," and pour forth their hereditary songs. What always puzzles me is that any man who feels like it suddenly takes a solo without any signal at all (unless telepathy is used). There was much dancing that night and Wednesday's dawn was breaking when we reached our beds.

However, in this colourful and rather unreal part of the world one doesn't seem to need much sleep. So by nine we had started on a round of visits to people I had not yet had a chance of meeting. They were all so happy and friendly. From each garden I was given souvenirs. Thus, I arrived back at my Lisbon hotel with my arms full of beautiful lilies, roses, sprays of orange blossom, and branches loaded with lemons and oranges. This was Wednesday evening. Rather anxiously I inquired for phone messages. "Oh, everything's all right," replied the hall porter, "I told everyone who rang you'd gone to the Alentejo for the weekend, so everyone understood, and wouldn't expect you back any sooner." Then he added, more as a statement than a question: "It was good, our Alentejo, yes?"



Over shows a student
working on a design
for stained glass



THE PRINCIPAL AT WORK

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART

Six pages of photographs by **Gerti Deutsch** portray the wide range of activities after a decade under the reforming rule of Robin Darwin



Mr. George Haslam, tutor in the new design-for-TV section, arranges a model set

From TV to textiles

THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF ART *continued*

Graphic design has five tutors,
including Edward Bawden, R.A.
(pictured here with student)





Textile-design students print with a screen. *Right:* A student silversmith works a piece with a hammer and vice



Furniture design is presided over by Professor R. D. Russell, whose brother heads the Council of Industrial Design



COMMENTARY BY ALAN ROBERTS

IT WAS MORE THAN TEN YEARS since I had visited the Royal College of Art. Visually not much had changed and I think I could have found my way around alone, but about the atmosphere there was something completely new. It was as if I had met an old friend, remembered particularly for his lazy charm, and found him seriously and successfully living up to a new sense of urgency and purpose. A new broom had apparently been sweeping through the place until now it is as efficient as a factory. It turns out a stream of industrial designers, every one of whom is sure of a job in industry.

I met the broom in an office behind a door marked "PRINCIPAL" and immediately began to understand the nature of the changes. For Professor Robin Darwin is a man of self-assurance and drive. From the start he knew what the

college ought to be doing and, by jingo (I choose the word advisedly), he would see that it did it.

Again and again during its 120 years the college has been seduced by the Fine Arts from its original purpose. Instead of providing instruction in "*the application of the arts to manufactures*" it became just a training-ground for art teachers. Today only a quarter of more than 400 students are in the departments of painting and sculpture. The remainder are studying some form of graphic or industrial design—commercial art, book production, engraving, furniture, textile, fashion or interior design, ceramics, silversmithing and jewellery, and engineering design. To this impressive list has been added during the past year a new baby, surely the first of its kind in any art school—a one-year course for senior students in designing settings for television.

*continued
overleaf*

Painting and sculpture

COMMENTARY
continued

The material benefits of this wholesale reorganization are indisputable. Daily contacts with industrial concerns give students practical commercial experience of the careers they have chosen to follow, bring the college many large commissions that are executed by teaching staff and students together, and guarantee not just a job but a choice of jobs at the end of training. But the effect of the Darwin régime has been much further-reaching than even these material successes suggest. In what one student described to me as "the Old Man's efforts to edify us" the professor has given the college a much-needed library and, last term, instituted a department of general studies. It is a Darwin theory that artists and designers should be given a training comparable with that of a university undergraduate.

In many other ways, too, students are encouraged to think of themselves as undergraduates and enjoy the pleasures of an undergraduate life. Their junior common room, with its extensive premises in Cromwell Road, not too far from the main college building behind the Victoria and Albert Museum, is the centre of endless student activities. They range from religious and political societies to an Afro-Cuban dance group. There are, too, cricket and football clubs whose teams acquit themselves surprisingly well against such sides as the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

I asked a former sculpture student how he had enjoyed this university atmosphere. "Soon," he said in the only part of his reply I can politely repeat, "they will be having fagging." But then the sculptors and painters always will be a race apart and no one understands this better than Professor Darwin, himself once a painting student at the Slade School. He says: "They are at once the most serious and the most gay and feckless members of the college, and its aristocrats."

The degree of freedom allowed to these "aristocrats" has often been criticized outside—and inside—the college. That the principal, despite his own preference for a disciplined way of living and working, has ignored this criticism is greatly to his credit. But he has been encouraged and strengthened by the achievements of so many of the artists nurtured in this free-for-all atmosphere. In it professors, tutors and students all get on with their own work and the master is just as likely to learn from the



In the sculpture school (*above and right*), students and their work. Note the two electric fires for the benefit of model



During breaks, this sculpture model tries out his own artistic style

Tutors in the school of painting: Academician Ruskin Spear (*left*), and abstractionist Ceri Geraldus Richards (*below*)



*concluded
on page 70*



Professor of painting is Carel Weight, A.R.A., seen with tutors Mary Fedden and Colin Hayes. *Below:* The senior tutor, Mr. Roger de Gray, with students





THE TATLER
& Bystander
14 Jan. 1959
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Professor of Graphic Design, Richard Guyatt (with printer) also runs College's Lion & Unicorn Press



A visiting lecturer, Mr. F. H. K. Henrion has done revolutionary work on poster design since the war

COMMENTARY *concluded*

pupil as the pupil from the master.

This freedom, tested a few years ago by the exponents of the "kitchen sink" school of painting—John Bratby, Jack Smith, Derek Greaves and Edward Middleditch—has more recently survived what must surely be the ultimate test: an epidemic of action painting.

During my visit the college registrar, Mr. J. R. P. Moon, remarked hopefully that the action-painting fever seemed to be dying since "Black" Green—the young man who distinguished himself by using only black paint, to which he gave "surface interest" by riding a bicycle over it—had left.

It seemed a reasonable deduction particularly when, in the next studio, the life room, we found students packed shoulder to shoulder drawing from two nude models surrounded by electric fires that made the place a hothouse. But then I remembered a conversation I had had earlier that cold afternoon with a first-year student.

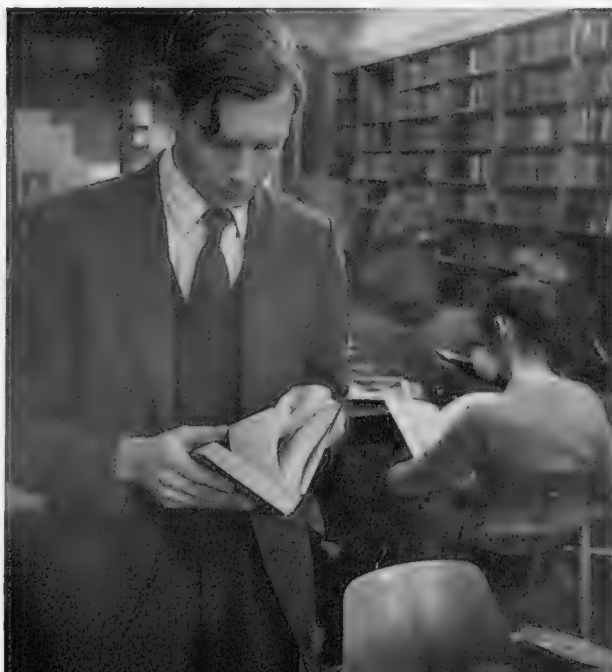
This young man, bearded and in jeans, came from the North and was living entirely on his grant. After paying £2 a week for two rooms he shared with two other students, and after buying all his meals out, he had few shillings for the gas fire at home. So on a cold day he, and others like him, always chose the lovely warm life class!

The new library is run by Mr. Basil Taylor, also reader in the new General Studies Dept.

With a student at a lithographic press: Painter Julian Trevelyan, head of engraving and etching



Illustrator Edward Ardizzone (who signs his well-known book-work "Diz") is a tutor in engraving



THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART

concluded



Tending the plants, which inspire textile design, is Mr. Stoates, who comes over weekly from Kew

ROUNABOUT

continued from page 60

Economies: Both use same bath water; buy wine at 4s. 6d. a bottle; only use car at weekends; she gives herself pink rinses with cochineal; buys only one pair of stockings at a time; buys salt in small cardboard cartons; gives away anything she's bought that she can't afford.

Comment: His bath is always cold; they both have headaches (the wine); she takes taxis during the week; the cochineal has to be professionally removed and she is persuaded to have a course of treatments; her stockings ladder and she feels so waif-like that she has to perk up her morale with a new dress and hat; the salt runs out on Sunday morning; she has to replace the extravagant thing with another, because she really needed it. Otherwise satisfactory.

CASE 4. Landowner. 75,000 acres. Age 70. Widower.

Economies: Has given up *The Times*; eats Cheddar instead of Stilton; hasn't had a new suit for twenty years; has cut down married daughter's allowance from £30 to £20 a week.

Comment: Buys seven Sunday papers in case he's missed something; needs more port with the Cheddar; feels lonely.

CASE 5. Widow. Age 45. Three boys at public school. Income £5,000.

Economies: Eats nothing but bread and tea in term-time. Uses same sheets all term-time. Doesn't buy newspapers. Uses kitchen soap. Does own charring.

Comment: Looks rather strained.

CASE 6. Bachelor. Age 40. Partner in old-established firm.

Economies: Never cashes a cheque for more than £2; buys cigarettes in tens; uses "instant" coffee; eats scotch eggs for lunch; spends weekends visiting; buys single tickets; has margarine for breakfast; goes everywhere by Underground; telephones mother during cheap-rate hours.

Comment: He has to go to the bank four times a week, which is awkward and takes eight unnecessary Underground fares; he's always running out of cigarettes; he's getting a taste for expensive China tea; he's getting indigestion; he has to borrow from his friends at weekends and maybe not tip, which is *very* awkward. But mother doesn't mind *when* her dear boy calls.

CASE 7. Woman. 65. Looks less. Income unknown but at least 5 figures. Has chauffeur.

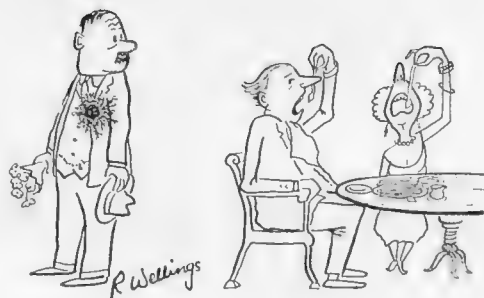
Economies: Buys wine by half-bottles; doesn't put fires on; buys manila envelopes by the 10,000; buys low-watt light bulbs; uses margarine, small eggs and coffee substitute; smokes tipped cigarettes; asks people for pot luck and means it; doesn't offer lifts.

Comment: Nobody loves her.

CASE 8. Writer. Male. 35. Income £240. Jaguar.

Economies: Drinks only in places where there are so many people drinking so much that nobody knows who is paying for what; ditto smoking; pays no rent, rates, gas bills, electricity bills, telephone bills, laundry bills, club fees, or school fees; has no wives, no children; gets hair cut by admirers; gets clothes given to him; borrows; gives lifts to people who pay for petrol; gets Tax Man to pay Expenses.

Comment: Lives like prince; is drunk every night; smokes like chimney; is seen at Caprice, 400, Milroy, Ritz, Savoy, etc. Only apparent drawback: over-rich food, ulcers, guilt. And, of course, he misses all the fun of Economical New Year's Resolutions.



THE SOCIAL ALPHABET

A stands for Asparagus

by FRANCIS KINSMAN

*The sheep from the goats are divided
By means of this curious plant—
The social enthusiast guided
As to who are O.K., and who aren't.*

*But it's not in the manner of eating
That convention's so often abused,
So it barely seems worth while repeating
That sugar-tongs shouldn't be used.*

*It's a different manifestation
That causes my stomach to turn:
The sight of a wedding carnation
In a wodge of asparagus fern.*

*A buttonhole sporting a jungle
Emblazoned with silvery foil—
It's really too utterly fungal,
Too hopelessly hobbledchoyl.*

*(It's a wrench to be forced to declare it,
But statistics have shown that it's true
That the fact that the multitudes wear it
Makes it cheaper to eat for the few.)*

BRIGGS by Graham



THEATRE

Strictly not for sophisticates

by ANTHONY COOKMAN



THEY HOLD THE STAGE. The cast of two who carry through this full-length play at the Haymarket. They are Peter Finch, who takes the part of a husband temporarily at odds with his wife, and Gerry Jedd, as the girl who consoles him. The theme develops unusually, and the playwright, says Anthony Cookman, "makes brilliant and touching use of his new material"

NOTHING at the Haymarket (*Two For The See-saw*, by William Gibson) is quite what it appears to be. There are only two actors, Mr. Peter Finch and Miss Gerry Jedd, but he talks enough for three actors and she, though no full-blown supporting cast could be more vivacious, has, curiously, the air of hardly talking at all. Again, the actors obviously need all the stage properties they can get to give variety to their evening-long duet. They use what they are given, especially the telephones, with such desperate vigour that things, taking on an animated life of their own, may easily be confused on occasion with the characters of the play.

Other sources of uncertainty lie rather deeper. Mr. Gibson's wittily written piece is veneered with American hardness. We get almost to the point of deciding that the tough dialogue is only being used to disguise the truth that both the characters are made of spongy sentiment when the theme takes a sudden surprising turn. It insists gently and in defiance of all modern theatrical moral orthodoxy that a man who has ever been truly in love can never hope to counterfeit the experience, hard as he may try.

How convincing and refreshing we find this unlooked-for reaffirmation of the idealistic view of love depends, of course, on what we make of the hero; and it may be that, as the author conceived him, he had rather more flexibility and resilience than Mr. Finch contrives to give him. He is a Nebraska lawyer who has buried himself in New York to forget a beautiful, ever-loving wife and a rich, indulgent father-in-law who has seemingly made things too easy for the young couple. His self-respect is at the lowest possible ebb when he picks up a girl on the telephone. He is without confidence in himself and he is fathoms deep in self-pity.

His luck is in. He has stumbled in Gittel on a girl who has the incongruous qualities which are often combined in glossy fiction but all too rarely in real life. She is not only experienced in promiscuous love affairs. She has remained delightfully fresh and essentially innocent. She is game, she is good fun—and she is sensitive to the feelings of others; "a born victim" and quite happy in her vocation.

We might regard Gittel as yet another ridiculously sentimentalized version of the golden-hearted harlot were it not that Miss Jedd will not have it so. She finds somewhere in herself the imaginative sympathy that can fill a conventional character with genuine theatrical life. She presents her without a touch of sentimentality; she never lets her sit up even for a second begging to be liked; and she seems quite sure that by doing what seems to come naturally to her, there will, when the time comes to strike the note of tragic pathos, be no sort of doubt in the house that she has struck it exactly as it should be struck.

And so it turns out. Mr. Finch has to work hard for the effects corresponding to those which Miss Jedd suggests without seeming effort. If she is a born victim, he is a man born to need a victim. He gives her to understand that he is suffering from a grievous secret wound. By not pressing herself on him she makes sure that they will soon be living happily together, and the play moves briefly into a rather charming domestic idyll.

Its basis soon shows cracks. It is characteristic of the man that he should demand from the woman the complete surrender that he is not himself able to make to her. He must have reassurance, but she cannot give it to him simply because she sees that he is haunted by the wife he is seeking to divorce.

It is like him that Gittel's sudden illness should cause him to precipitate the divorce proceedings. It is like her to realize that the illness has precipitated not only the divorce but her own crisis. The crisis duly comes, and the man suddenly lifts himself clear of our contempt for him by a sincere and moving speech on married love. This is a subject hardly ever treated seriously on the stage today, and Mr. Gibson makes brilliant and touching use of his new material. It leaves the way clear for Miss Jedd to strike her note of tragic pathos. Nothing becomes this evening of mixed virtuosités so well as its simple ending.

CINEMA

Sinbad (Yale style) sails again

by ELSPETH GRANT



Sinbad (Kerwin Mathews) and Parisa (Kathryn Grant) run into trouble on *The Seventh Voyage Of Sinbad*—Parisa is shrunk to a height of two inches

MODESTLY DESCRIBING itself as "The Eighth Wonder Of The Screen," a new process by the name of Dynamation lends *The Seventh Voyage Of Sinbad* a certain macabre enchantment which is a good thing as Sinbad (Mr. Kerwin Mathews) looks like a clean American college boy and his betrothed Princess (Miss Kathryn Grant) could be a chorus-line cutie. An evil magician, played with sinister authority by Mr. Torin Thatcher, reduces Miss Grant to a height of two inches (and would have pleased me more by eliminating her altogether) but we have seen *tom thumb* and regard this as kid stuff.

It is on the island of Colossa, whither Mr. Thatcher lures Mr. Mathews on a quest for Aladdin's lamp and a cure for Miss Grant's trouble, that one begins to savour and relish the technical skill that has gone into the production. Never have studio-built horrors been more artfully animated or adroitly manipulated. A King Kong-size man-eating cyclops equipped with two mining goat-feet pursues Sinbad's mariners around the island, picks them up in his huge, horrid claws and pops them into cages until it's time for tea.

A monstrous, newly-hatched, two-headed roc pecks ferociously at anyone who comes fooling about its nest. A rather nice dragon—about the length of Piccadilly—is tethered, watchdog-like, at the door of the magician's cave, breathing out fire and smoke at visitors. A skeleton (sword in fleshless hand) duels, as nimbly as any Zorro, with poor Sinbad, who is completely foxed by an opponent he can run through time and again with positively no effect. It struck me as a mite nightmarish but I am told children are more relaxed about such things—and if yours are, by all means take them. They can't see it alone as it carries an "A" Certificate.

American local politics tend to baffle but *The Last Hurrah* should definitely be seen for the superb performance given by Mr. Tracy as a wily old politician seeking re-election as mayor of a New England town where half the population is descended, like himself, from poor immigrants from Ould Ireland. He is sure of the Irish vote—and prepared to use blarney, bluff and blackmail to gain the support of the rich, snobbish "English" element who despise him.

Mr. Tracy puts up a great fight—emerging as half saint, half blackguard. Backed by a team of some redoubtable screen veterans we haven't seen for far too long, Mr. Tracy is the chief contributor to a display of acting which the Method boys would find it hard to equal

and could never beat. Mr. John Ford directs expertly but, since the film runs for over two hours, might well have omitted a "wake" (which is too Oirish be half and not funny at all) and need not have let Mr. Tracy take such an unconscionable time a-dying—though I have to say this gave the gentleman sitting next to me a really good cry.

M. André Hunebelle presents the world of haute couture in a perhaps over-glamorous light in *Mannequins De Paris* and will doubtless set all the pretty young things who see it dreaming of being model girls. The story is slight as can be: M. Ivan Desny, dress-designer husband of Mlle. Madeleine Robinson, owner of a Paris couture house, escorts some of his models to Cannes to show his new collection. He meets a mysterious and fascinating young woman—Mlle. Ghislaine Arsac, genuinely seductive with green-gold hair and eyes to match. She follows him to Paris and he runs off to Rome with her—and finds she is not the woman for him. Mlle. Robinson magnanimously retrieves him.

The backgrounds—the Paris boulevards, the sea at Cannes, the fountains of Rome—and the bustle of the couture house, with its score or so of ravishing girls showing (and shedding) exquisite clothes, make this a surprisingly pleasing film, a most agreeable relaxation for a cold, dull day.

When Mr. Mickey Rooney was young he achieved (though not with me) great popularity as irrepressible Andy Hardy (a judge's son) in a series of unpretentious pictures which stressed the beauty of family life, the joys of high school, the volatility of the teen-age male, the pangs of calf-love and the irresistibility, as far as girls were concerned, of Mr. Rooney.

In *Andy Hardy Comes Home*, Mr. Rooney returns to Carvel, scene of his early triumphs. Andy, now middle-aged and the father of two, is to negotiate a property deal there for the firm whose legal representative he now is. All the citizens of Carvel remember Andy—and he recalls nostalgically just a few of his boyhood conquests: cuts from far-off films show him squirming and smirking in the company of the Misses Judy Garland, Esther Williams and Lana Turner. How young they all were in those days!

Though a crooked property dealer causes trouble for Andy and raises doubts as to his integrity, Andy is bound to win in the end. After all, is he not the son of the late Judge Hardy—the most respected man in Carvel (and Mr. Lewis Stone, you may recall)? As the first of a new Andy Hardy series, this little "family" piece makes me wonder: is there still a following for Mr. Rooney (who is undeniably a good performer) now that he has lost that teen-age appeal—and is there still a cinema audience for such innocuous, over-cosy entertainment?

A must for all who adore old cars is *Old Man Motorcar*—a charming, disarming period picture concerning the rivalry between racing drivers in France during the years from 1904 to 1909, when the French bride of a Czech mechanic was the first ever to set off from church on her honeymoon in a motorcar.

Mr. Richard Williams's brilliant cartoon, *The Little Island*, imaginatively handles a conflict between Truth, Good and Beauty: Mr. Tristram Cary's witty music provides the ideal accompaniment.

THIS WEEK'S FILMS

The Seventh Voyage Of Sinbad—Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant, Torin Thatcher. Directed by Nathan Jara.

The Last Hurrah—Spencer Tracy, Jeffrey Hunter, Pat O'Brien, Basil Rathbone, Donald Crisp, James Gleason. Directed by John Ford.

Mannequins De Paris—Madeleine Robinson, Ivan Desny, Ghislaine Arsac. Directed by André Hunebelle.

Andy Hardy Comes Home—Mickey Rooney, Fay Holden, Sara Haden, Patricia Breslin. Directed by Howard W. Koch.

Old Man Motorcar—Raymond Bussieres, Ginette Pigeon, Ludek Munzar. Directed by Alfred Radok.

The Little Island—Animated cartoon in Eastman Colour by Richard Williams.

RECORDS

Whistle appeal from Africa

by GERALD LASCELLES

SOME OF THE original jazz influences may have come from Africa, but what happens when today's influences are piped back to Africa through the cinema and the gramophone is quite another story. *Kwela* music is not new—it started when Bantu Africans took to playing penny-whistle improvisations back in the twenties, and could probably be traced further back than this. On the face of it there is little jazz in this music, with its unsubtle beat, its limited theme development, and its monotonous instrumentation. It has that same appealing simplicity which I associate with the calypso.

I have two samples of this African music in front of me as I write. Neither is outstanding, but both are appealing in their curious way. The Decca selection essays an interpretation on primitive lines of Ellington's *Rocking in Rhythm*. This common ground allows a comparison with jazz as we know it today. The harmony is simplified to the point of being unimaginative, the theme is scarcely developed from its original form, and the musicians seem to be groping in an unfamiliar medium. The shorter selection on Oriole follows a similar pattern, except that the rhythm section is augmented by a guitar. It is not until the last track of this record, *Ben's Special*, that the true jazz potential is revealed. Here you can find a proper front line, comprising at least three penny whistles, riffing something which sounds like a Basie or Goodman piece. They swing like mad, if only because they know what a beat means, and they work on it.

Another piece from Africa enjoying the astonishing and challenging claim that "music was born in Africa," is from the Oriole catalogue. This one has the accent on vocal music, and explores most of the field left barren by a short generation of rock 'n roll and other "pop" singers.

To sum it up, this African music is the product of a craze or gimmick. It is not important, and it certainly will not appeal to more than a handful of readers. Despite these extravagant assertions, I shall not dismiss the African influence as a potential force to restore the fundamental beat which is fast disappearing from all modern American jazz. The beginnings are simple and relatively pure.

Records accumulate by singers till I don't know where to fit them. New names come up with alarming rapidity. Have you ever heard of La Vern Baker? I hadn't until an exciting record arrived one day, to make me sit up and listen. Miss Baker takes a leaf out of the combined books of those great old-timers, Bessie Smith, and Ma Rainey, and rebinds them effectively with the positive accompaniment provided by trumpeter Buck Clayton and his crisp mainstream group. This is an exceptional record.

Another new name is that of Sheila Guyse, whose M.G.M. release approximates to the formula established by Lena Horne. Her delivery is good, her accompaniment is even better. That well-established favourite Anita O'Day, accompanied on Columbia by Oscar Peterson, strikes me as being too much of a mixture of outside influences to be important. On a similar plane, June Christy records for Capitol, to the backing of Pete Rugolo's brassy orchestra; any relationship to jazz ends with him.

SELECTED RECORDS

	Penny Whistle Jive	10-in. L.P.
	Oriole MG10022 £1 9s. 6½d.	
LA VERN BAKER SINGS BESSIE SMITH		12-in. L.P.
	London LTZ-K15139 £1 17s. 6½d.	
SHEILA GUYSE	This Is Sheila	12-in. L.P.
	M.G.M. C773 £1 15s. 10d.	
FRANK SINATRA	For Only The Lonely	12-in. L.P.
	Capitol LCT6168 £1 19s. 7½d.	
ART TATUM	De Franco Quartet	E.P.
	Columbia SEB10101 11s. 10d.	
COZY COLE	Topsy	45 r.p.m.
	45-HL8750 6s. 7½d.	



BOOKS I AM READING

Doomed monster of Bruges

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON's latest novel *The Unspeakable Skipton* (Macmillan, 15s.) is a funny, painful, alarming and sometimes horrifying book, mainly about monsters. Daniel Skipton, the central figure, is a tremendous yet pitiful monster, a writer who is convinced of his own genius, eaten alive by his own hatred of those who will not acknowledge him, and determined to scrape a living out of lies, confidence tricks, and the most ingenious, desperate and squalid double-dealing. He is aware of his own degradation, and grows prouder, lonelier, madder and more miserable as he entangles himself further in his own dreadful web.

He lives in abject poverty in Bruges, and this city, with its bells and beautiful light and sad seedy underworld, emerges as strongly as the characters in the story. His intended victims, the sheep for fleecing, are an appalling Australian lady-writer of poetic dramas, who has seven sons and a violent



Mark Gerson

Three names that sell

Angus Wilson (far left), author of *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*. His latest—*The Middle Age Of Mrs. Eliot* (Secker & Warburg, 18s.)—was reviewed in the December 10 issue. Hammond Innes (above, left), best known for fast-moving adventure. Most recent book—*The Land God Gave To Cain* (Collins, 15s.). Jamaican George Lamming (above, right), winner of a Guggenheim Fellowship and Somerset Maugham Award. Now lives in England. His third book—*Of Age And Innocence* (Michael Joseph, 21s.)

womb-complex; her three enigmatic travelling companions; and a cheerful Italian trickster who dreams of singing, to wild applause, in the Wigmore Hall. There is a great deal of very funny, cruel comedy in the book, lethal and unnerving, like watching banana-skin skids end in instant death. Dorothy Merlin, for instance, the awful lady-poet, is a picture, drawn with appalling clarity and a sort of cold passion of enjoyment, of monster-woman at her nastiest.

All ends badly for Skipton, very badly indeed—except that he faces his end with cold, hopeless courage. The book, says the author, is a study of an artist's paranoia; her strange tormented hero, who looks like a carrion crow and feeds upon corruption, has affinities with Frederick Rolfe, Baron Corvo, a writer whose life and personality were fascinating but whose books bore me to extinction (the brief quotations from the writings of Daniel Skipton, whose major work was called *The Damask And The Blood*, are superbly, sadly probable).

This book, with its organized, ruthless march towards personal destruction, its preoccupation with trickery and cunning and elaborate plots that explode in the inventor's face, its sympathy combined with absolute lack of sentimentality towards charlatans and villains—deceit is met with deceit, everyone gets his deserts—reminded me of nothing so much as the mannered, artificial yet riotously live-and-kicking plays of Ben Jonson. It is a book full of pain and violence, yet disciplined and ordered as a comedy of manners, and I have not read anything by Miss Hansford Johnson that has been remotely like it before. To some extent it is perhaps like watching a brilliant

and skilful mathematician solving a self-imposed problem just for the fun of it—except that I think the author cared about the frightful Skipton. And because his agony and doom are so horrifying, finally I did too.

Herbert Kubly is an American writer known to me hitherto for his travel book, *Stranger In Italy*. *Varieties Of Love* (Gollancz, 16s.) is a collection of short stories which march under the intimidating banner of an introductory quotation—"The deepest need of man is the need to overcome his separateness, to leave the prison of his aloneness"—a desperate message passed along the line by, it seems to me, two out of every three contemporary writers. All the stories are sad, some are weird, some seem to me contrived, pushing for effect, too crammed with misfits and remarkable oddities (though maybe this is partly the effect of reading a ten-year batch all together). Everybody—lonely Americans in Europe, rich matrons, unhappy misunderstood wives, refugees, little girls in love with death, dotty film stars and violin teachers in Zurich—is looking for love, nobody finds it. The book's total impression on me was profoundly dispiriting, though compulsively readable—tears, anguish and all. The prize for the weirdest must go to "The Unmarried Bartender," a tiny morsel of real genuine horror about an 11-year-old midget Martini-mixer in a Mediterranean bar, which is guaranteed to wake you screaming in the small hours.

Mani was my book on Greece for 1958, so perhaps it is unfair to Mr. Patrick Anderson to read his *First Steps In Greece* (Chatto & Windus, 25s.) so soon afterwards. However, this is a very different kind of book, its

spirit fairly—so it seemed to me—expressed by the jacket, on which two jocund Greeks leap merrily about before a background of noble ruins. It is an enormously readable, idiosyncratic, at times scratchy and irritating but always inviting book by a writer with a strong individual tone of voice. Some of it is in the form of an apparently casual, artless diary, full of food and drink and chance acquaintances and other travellers, and at the end I had the impression it was more about Mr. Anderson and his pre-occupations than about Greece—but then modern travel-writing and autobiography very often spill over into each other. Mr. Anderson's writing is at times off-handedly informal, at others highly elaborate, not to say mysterious (this of a middle-aged Greek dancing: "Energy suspended within him, balanced, weighed, he is on the outside of himself, so to speak, just as he is at the edge of the circle he describes; he carries on an intrigue with a focus that is never explained; he is at no time triumphantly within and collected-all-in-one-piece like a Spanish dancer").

Those who embark upon a new year with trepidation could find their nameless fears confirmed in the briefest, most paralysing little work ever to be published for a cheery half-a-crown, called *From An Abandoned Work*, by Samuel Beckett (Faber), which was first broadcast just over a year ago. This twenty-two-page-long single paragraph makes Mr. Kubly's little cries of loneliness sound like good children's jolly nursery songs. "No, I regret nothing, all I regret is having been born, dying is such a long tiresome business I have always found." You can't go along this particular lonely road much further than that.

Today's new
knitted fabrics
are made . . .

For livina

This suit by Garlaine, a French House, has the characteristic appearance of the cloth now knitted in England and on the Continent. Barely distinguishable from tweeds, often they possess "give and take" sympathy with every movement of the body. The loose-fitting jacket is long and has three-quarter length sleeves. Shown here in red, brown and white dog's tooth, it is also available in other colours. At the shops in London and the provinces. Price: £16 10s. Brown suede shoes by Chez Elle at Liberty, £6 2s. 6d. Gilt necklet by Jewellery.

Photographs by Michel Molinare

at your ease

Casual in cut
they look
like tweeds

1. Fine-knit jersey in a tiny blue-and-white check knitted in Paris by St. Joseph. Cut on the straight casual line which will certainly remain with us in tailor-mades throughout the coming year, this jersey fabric is so closely knitted that it will never "seat" or lose its contours. Made also in other colours with white, it is obtainable at Anne Gerrard, Bruton Street, W.1, John Barry, Leeds, and Teresa Ryan, Chester. The price is about 27 gns. White kid "mob" hat by Chez Elle at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, and Liberty, Regent Street. Price: about 9½ gns.





Flattering for the tall, willowy woman, a knitted three-quarter length tunic of heavy pure silk in sapphire blue. It is worn with a matching lined dead-straight skirt, also in pure silk. This is an Italian import and can only be bought at Tracy, 70 New Bond Street, price: 45 gns. The tomato-red pull-on suède hat by Chez Elle is at Woollands, the price: 6 gns.

To help you



For a woman with the height to carry off the long tunic line here is a two-piece by Dorville. The straight donkey brown skirt is worn with a seven-eighths tunic knitted with chalk-white stripes. The two-piece is obtainable at Woollands, Knightsbridge, and from Samuels of Manchester. Price: about 26 gns. The Chez Elle pull-on hat in tomato-red suède costs 6 gns. at Woollands

On these pages:
Jumper suits and
the tunic line

dress in proportion

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL MOLINARE



A jumper suit that is kind to most shapes and sizes. It is made by Rodier, Paris, in a blue-grey jersey. The short tunic has easy-fitting lines and fastens at the back. Price: 15 gns from Tracy, 70 New Bond Street, who also supply the French gilt bracelet. The suède cloche hat by Chez Elle in popular tomato-red is at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, price: 9½ gns.



For the "little" woman a jumper suit knitted in herringbone tweed design. The top is gathered into a drawstring waistline and the colours are black and tan. A St. Joseph model at Bazaar, Knightsbridge and Chelsea, price: £23 12s. 6d. The Mary Quant hat in black and brown tweed with an outsize belt is also at Bazaars. Bracelet is from Tracy

THREE STYLES
FROM FRANCE
AND ITALY



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MICHEL MOLINARE

Right: For a special occasion, a two-piece from France in navy and white Triconyl, Tricosa's special nylon and acetate yarn that can be washed with impunity. Available either with a fine permanently pleated skirt (as shown) or with a dead straight skirt. From Anne Gerrard, 27 Bruton Street, and R. W. Forsythe, Glasgow. Prices: jumper about 6½ gns., pleated skirt 9½ gns., straight skirt £8 5s. Kid beret by Chez Elle from Liberty, Regent Street, and Kendal Milne, Manchester, price: about £5 14s. 6d.



Around the clock in tricot time

Left: For the restaurant, a suit from Italy knitted in beige pure silk and embroidered all over with iridescent "soap bubble" paillettes. It is obtainable only at Tracy, New Bond Street, W.1, and costs 44 gns. The suit is worn here with a white silk moiré beret by Chez Elle, a model obtainable at Woollands, Knightsbridge, and costing £3 13s. 6d.



Right: For the street, a costume in dark blue and black jersey with the fashionable tunic line. The coat has a concealed fly fastening and a half-belt at the back, the skirt is dead straight. A St. Joseph model at Bazaar, Knightsbridge and Chelsea, price: £36 10s. High black leather bonnet trimmed with a rose, by Michelle Deliss, also at Bazaar, price: 16 gns.

IT COULD BE FOR YOU . . .

On a cruise to the tropics



While stay-at-home Britons look for warmth, smart girls on the sunshine trip are shopping for lightweights with coolness in mind. For a winter cruise or island in the sun this linen dress and jacket from Miss Terry is an ideal choice. Her shop at 53 Beauchamp Place, S.W. caters for the individual and she solves the accessory problem by having her items made there as well. There is also a range of costume jewellery by Adrien Maunier. *Right:* The sheath dress on its own has a crisp, fresh look well suited to hot climates. Beads and bracelet are in brilliant tropical colours. *Left:* The brief jacket is worn away to show the linen cummerbund. The collar is wide, giving a V-neckline. Dress and jacket are shown here in crease-resistant cream linen with all-over embroidery, but they also come in white, pink and blue linen with self-embroidery and matching cummerbunds. The two-piece costs 12½ gns. There is a wide range of sizes from 10 to 20. The basketwork Hong Kong chair shown on the right is from Peter Jones.

Photographs by
Peter Alexander



SHOPPING

Time for paper
work

For a bedroom: Yellow roses on black (9s. 6d. a roll). All the patterns are from Crown wallpapers

by JEAN STEELE



For the sun lounge: Spanish motifs depicted on a grotto blue background (9s. 6d. a roll)



For the lounge (above): Fawn and black leaves on bamboo sticks printed on white ground (10s. a roll). For an alcove (below): Green creeper on stone bricks (9s. 6d. a roll)



For the study: A textured design on a terra-cotta background (7s. 8d. a roll)



For the nursery (above): It's round-up time on the range. Cowboys are brightly dressed the background yellow (6s. 3d. a roll)



For the bathroom (below): Sailing ships and flowers in blended colours on pink ground (12s. 10d. a roll). All accessories by Heal



For the kitchen: A multi-coloured design on white background. This paper is washable (10s. a roll). Prices are approximate



Dennis Smith

LANCÔME

SCULPTURALE—SERUM NECK CREAM
REJUVENATES THE WHOLE APPEARANCE OF YOUR NECK.

TOPAZE—MOISTURISING LOTION
YOUR NECK WILL REACT LIKE A WATERSTARVED PLANT TO SPRING RAIN.

EMPREINTE DE BEAUTE—BEAUTY MASK
WHITENS—TIGHTENS AND SMOOTHS NECK WRINKLES.

GALATEIS SOAP—WITH SPECIAL INGREDIENTS FOR NECK BEAUTY.

YOUR SPECIAL NECK TREATMENT



BEAUTY

A head for your age

by JEAN CLELAND

"WHY IS IT," said a middle-aged friend, "that most pictures of new hair styles are of girls in their early twenties. There never seem to be any for older women like me. Why don't you ask one of the leading hairdressers to do something about it?"

It seemed a good idea, so I went straight to one at the top of Alexis of Antoine—and asked him if he could help. His response was handsome. As a matter of fact, to the year, he agreed to some special styles, not only for older women, but for four groups.

We talked not only of the styles, but of the way in which they should be treated and kept in good condition. Here are the views of Antoine's views.

FOR THE TEENAGERS: Don't try to be too sophisticated while you are still young. Remember that you will only lose this fresh and lovely state of mind, so make the most of it. Preserve your natural charm and beauty as long as possible.

Match your hair style to your personality. Avoid anything that looks hard, and settle for a head for something soft and flattering. Always use a good shampoo and one that is suited to your type of hair.

At your age you can wear all kinds of attractive hair ornaments, so take advantage of this opportunity. For those special dates and evenings out, dress up your hair with something that suits your personality.

FOR THE TWENTIES: Here is the chance to follow a contemporary line and make heads turn.

By the time you have entered the twenties you will have taken your first step into the world of fashion, and this will have given you confidence. Remember that your hair is on view all day, so it is the least expensive way of being fashionable.

Do not fall for so-called styles that are based on a tidy carelessness. British women have the deserved reputation of being naturally elegant. This starts with your hairdressing, and an

unbecoming and shapeless design will do precisely nothing for you.

Pay particular attention to both shaping and condition. When you lead a full and busy life you need to pay more attention to hair condition. You can do this by having one of the modern ozone-oxygen hair vapour treatments periodically. These are both a beautifier and a treatment, designed to keep the hair healthy and shining.

FOR THE THIRTIES: For the woman of affairs leading either an active social or business life, the accent should be on a shapely, well-dressed head that is both a compliment to fashion and responsive to self-management. Above all else, colour should prevail.

At this stage in a woman's life, hair tends sometimes to lose a certain amount of natural lustre, and the colouring shows signs of becoming less attractive. This situation should not be accepted but rectified. The whole range of scientific hair make-up has been designed to encourage women to be more colour-conscious and to make more use of these wonderful aids to beauty. If one truly seeks perfection, then there are two elements that should be given preference. Condition, without which all else will be less than best, then colour, to give vitality, warmth and sparkle to the chosen design.

FOR THE FIFTIES: This is the golden age for the mature woman who chooses to let her hair play its full part in her approach to an elegant appearance. No longer is greying hair a disadvantage. The soft pastel shades that can be introduced to give colour and expression to grey hair, will transform the appearance and foster a lively and modern outlook. The essentials are well-conditioned hair, regularly treated to maintain a healthy virility and sheen, and a pleasing modern design.

In the 1920s when Antoine first introduced a blue shade into greying hair, he was thought to be a visionary with ideas just a little too daring in conception. Today those ideas are a reality the world over.



Teens—Loosely brushed with a bow of velvet and lace



Twenties—Upswept hair. Add a jewelled bandeau



Thirties—a flowing line plus (for evening) a white gardenia



Fifties—A coiffure soufflée to which can be added a grille

John Cole

MOTORING

The rough, tough road to Monte Carlo

by GORDON WILKINS

THE GREAT RUSH to Monte Carlo begins on Sunday and during the next three days cars will converge on the Riviera from Glasgow, The Hague, Lisbon, Munich, Paris, Rome, Stockholm, Athens and from Warsaw, restored to the rally for the first time since the war. The opportunity of breaking away from daily routine and taking an adventurous drive down to the sunshine of the Mediterranean is a strong inducement in itself. But radio and television have turned it into a publicity medium of major importance. Before the war there were fewer than 100 entries. This year there are 360 from 22



nations. A high proportion are works teams in works-prepared cars and the amateur has to have a good competitive record before he can be accepted. In prewar events, the points to be won on the road varied according to the starting point. Anyone who got through from Athens had an excellent chance of winning, but most fell by the wayside after battling with snow, ice and the lack of roads. The British starting point was John o' Groat's and competitors had done some really arduous motoring over snow and ice before they even reached England. On the other hand there was sometimes time to stop for a meal, which is rarely possible now.

Cars were often specially built freaks. The Romanians, who combined extraordinary physical endurance with a genius for finding loopholes in the regulations, gave the organizers many headaches. Ties on the road section were decided by a complicated gymkhana driving test on the seafront and in 1936 three Romanians arrived bunched together in an open Ford V8 two-seater with a narrow plywood body. They had interconnected steering and brakes so that the car could be skidded round a pylon in its own length and they won the rally. Next year a Rumanian colonel appeared in another Ford V8 with a plywood body and special midships mountings for the spare wheels by which he was said to be able to convert it into a caterpillar six-wheeler for deep snow.

In those days the emphasis was on physical endurance and resource in overcoming the difficulties of the route. Now it is on split-

second timekeeping at average speeds that demand highly skilled driving if the weather is bad. Snowploughs are ready to sweep the route within an hour or two of the first competitors coming through, but if a heavy fall comes during the rally a track of single car's width is beaten down by the passing cars—and then the hold-ups begin.

Competitors string out behind the slower cars, drivers raving as they lose vital seconds, but the leader will rarely pull into the heavy snow at the roadside to let them pass, for fear he may be unable to restart. Useless to pull into the deep snow to try to blast a way through; it just brings the car to a standstill. This is where the professionals close right up to "persuade" the offender to give way. But of course he may panic and spin, and then there may be a multiple pile-up.

Driving on ice is no particular problem; there is no future for you in the Monte Carlo Rally if you cannot hold speeds up to 70 m.p.h. on ice, but the continuous juggling with steering wheel and throttle necessary to keep the car on the road is terribly tiring, and on the third day reactions tend to slow down.

Usually the danger signs show when you get the car broadside or lose the front end on what seems to be an unusually slippery bend. What has happened is that your reactions have slowed by a fraction of a second. This is the moment to hand over to your co-driver; otherwise there will be another slide in another mile or two which will put you in the ditch or worse.



Peak physical fitness is essential for success, but it is only one element. Modern rallying is a highly organized business, for there are big rewards at stake in world-wide publicity and increased sales for the successful model.

In spite of the annual gamble with the weather, the same names keep recurring in the award lists. Trevoux won three times; Gatsonides won once and has repeatedly finished in the money; Peter Harper has been in the first ten for five years in succession.

Last year's winner, a works-entered Dauphine, was the smallest car to win in the

37-year history of the event, but its success was the result of meticulous planning.

Instead of running strictly catalogue models, Renault accepted the more severe time schedules applying to special-series touring cars and Gran Turismo models in order to run their modified Mille Miglia cars with twin-choke carburettor, high compression ratio, special crankshaft and four-branch exhaust. This raised power output from the standard 30 b.h.p. to 48 b.h.p. The gearbox had five speeds instead of the normal three, rear coil springs were slightly shortened to improve the cornering and radius arms were added to the rear suspension. Steering ratio



was changed to give quicker response and brakes were improved. Finally, the car had two spare wheels with tyres carrying dozens of sharp tungsten carbide spikes which gave a better grip on ice than any chains and, unlike chains, could be safely used at speeds up to 80 m.p.h.

The drivers, Guy Monraisse and Jacques Feret, both live in the Auvergne where the critical final test was run, and were used to driving on ice and snow all winter. They arrived at Monte Carlo with penalty marks for one minute of lateness while nine competitors were unpenalized; but unlike most other competitors, before starting out on the 650-mile eliminating test they could get their full ration of sleep without worrying about the route, the control points and the split-second timing involved. For this was where Monsieur Frotié entered the picture with his little black box.

This tells the driver whether he is ahead of time or behind time at any point on the route to within a fifth of a second. It is not driven from the speedometer or car wheels and needs no electric wires; it consists simply of a specially calibrated stop-watch mounted in a revolving holder geared to a strip map of the route. The navigator unwinds the route map like a cine film and so long as his driver keeps covering the route in time with the unwinding of the map, at a speed that keeps the moving hand of the clock vertical, they are on time. Any margin early or late is shown by the hand of the revolving watch straying to one side or other of the vertical position.

Last year, conditions were so bad that everyone had to go flat out most of the way and no one could maintain the scheduled average speeds. The spiked tyres and the Renault's independent rear suspension gave Monraisse and Feret a big advantage over other good drivers more conventionally equipped, and they won both on speed and regularity.

Entries of other nationalities running in the special-series classes are just as extensively modified. The organization behind them has been studying the problems of the rally for months. The amateur has little hope of prevailing against such team work.

I ALWAYS SUFFER from fits of nostalgia round this time because a new year has begun. I like to browse through my notebooks and records of work published, which remind me of some of the highlights of the year gone by as far as I personally enjoyed them. Many of them through sheer lack of space were never recorded in print, but they are well remembered.

So before we become too deeply immersed in the new occasions of 1959, let us look back in pleasure at some of the events that took place towards the end of 1958.

As many hoteliers have already started to prepare for the spring tourist trade and have heavy bookings, I am reminded of a dinner I attended at the Imperial Hotel at Torquay in the late summer to celebrate the opening of a new wing of terrace rooms.

Mr. F. J. Errol, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, was present and said that one of his special jobs was to look after tourism as a business proposition.

In an "after dinner" speech he quite rightly pointed out that hotels are the foundation of the tourist trade. It is no use building fleets of new jet aircraft, or launching new transatlantic liners, at the other end there are the hotel rooms for the passengers to stay in. And when you think of it,

DINING OUT

Meals to remember

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

on a personal basis, it is the hotel which in final analysis makes or mars your holiday."

The Imperial knows all the answers to this one and I can think of a large number of other hotels who could well take a page out of their—admittedly somewhat expensive—book.

I remember asking William True, their maitre chef, what sort of a menu he had prepared. His reply was: "It's a warm summer's evening so I have decided on something light, simple and easy to eat," as indeed it was, and a great delight. Here it is: Iced Marina melon partnered by Padrina, a fine old Amontillado; cold River Dart salmon Devonian and green tarragon mayonnaise sauce with Liebfraumilch, Crown of Crowns, 1953; suprême of chicken imperial, almond croquette potatoes, mint flavoured garden peas with Château Rieussec (Premier Grand Cru de Fargues) 1947, which is one of the first

growths of Sauternes; English Riviera ice gâteau, Torbay sweetmeats, finishing up with coffee, cognac and liqueurs.

Another evening I shall remember is a boxing tournament I went to at The National Sporting Club at the Café Royal, this famous "evening out" having largely been resurrected by the untiring efforts of Charles Forte and David Thomas, the club's general manager. It's nice to see that the Marquess of Queensberry is on the committee.

There was a set dinner beforehand which included a cocktail of Dublin Bay prawns, cream of asparagus, steak, kidney and mushroom pie, apple strudel with double cream. This cost my host, Charles Andrews, 25s. a head.

I cannot count the number of times over the years when Charles has entered a bar and I've heard a barman say: "Here's Captain Booth" or "Why, here's Uncle Charlie," because for so many years

he has promoted Booth's famous gin in a most affable manner throughout the West End.

Apart from whatever wines you order with your meal, you can also have them at the ringside afterwards, and it was quite an experience—as it was my first visit—to find myself in a ringside seat with a decanter of 1935 port by my side and a large cigar. It was indeed a night well spent!

Possibly the most useful diary that has come my way for "diners out" is "Frank Smythson's Featherweight." This contains a list of 44 recommended restaurants with address and telephone number, whether there is dancing or not and if they are closed on Sundays. It also contains a wine chart from 1935-1956, a list of 47 London theatres, again with address and telephone number, and a list of 50 clubs with only the address and no telephone number, which seems rather odd.



DINING IN

Duck in a dilemma

by HELEN BURKE

Here is what to do with such a bird: Wipe out the inside and dust it with pepper and salt. Peel and core three Bramley Seedlings and cut them into quarters or eighths. Squeeze the juice of a lemon over them to prevent them becoming rusty. Add nine to ten stoned soaked prunes, 2 oz. butter cut into ¼-inch cubes and a level dessert-spoon of sugar. Fill the body of the duck with this mixture and truss it.

Spread softened butter all over the bird and place it on its back at 450 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 8 just long enough to get the skin a nice golden colour. Have ready a double thickness of greaseproof paper, dampened to make it pliable and brushed with butter. Sprinkle pepper and salt over it. Place the bird, breast down, on the buttered surface and wrap it up closely so that it will more or less steam during the remaining cooking time. Replace it on the rack with a cup of giblet stock, lower the temperature to 325 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 3 and cook slowly for 1½ to 2 hours, reducing the temperature

to 300 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 1 for the last hour.

Let the duck (still covered on its rack but on its back) cool down, letting the juices drain into the baking tin. Add stock from the giblets (not the liver) and rub it around to get off the residue from the tin. Boil up and strain this gravy into a bowl. When cold, place it in the refrigerator. The fat can then be easily removed later on. But the gravy will probably not be an aspic.

To make aspic quickly, use a packeted aspic powder, following the directions given for stock or water. If the gravy seems fairly thick, either cut down on the aspic powder used or increase the amount of water to be added. Pour the mixture on to a shallow platter, leave to set and then make long cuts through the aspic and then across diagonally to make "diamonds."

Carve the duck as usual. Arrange the pieces and the apple and prune stuffing on a large platter with the aspic in glistening spoonfuls around

them. Cover and leave until required.

It may seem a little unorthodox to serve hot jacket-baked potatoes with cold duck, but they go well with it. As the potatoes are taken from the oven in an oven cloth, roll them between the hands then squeeze them to break the skin. A nice piece of butter can then go into each.

With the duck, one can also serve green peas. If they are frozen, they take a short time to prepare. If canned peas are used, they are ready in even less time.

I think that cabbage salad is a good crisp contrast to the pleasant rich duck. Use either a red one or one of those hearty green outside and white inside ones. Cut it into thin strips and dress them with 4 parts olive oil to 1 part tarragon vinegar, accented with as much mustard as is desired and pepper and salt to taste. If liked, first rub a cut clove of garlic around the salad bowl. Add a coarsely chopped skinned tomato, a chopped red or green sweet pepper, if available, and a little crisp heart of celery.

What before? Soup at this time of year and one made from Jerusalem artichokes is wonderful. If one has a so-useful electric blender, the work is nothing at all and the result is as smooth as silk.

For the final course, a cold sweet is ideal or, if there is any Christmas pudding left (and there often is, even at this late day), treat it this way: Cut it into slices, spread them with a little butter then sprinkle sugar over them. Place under the grill to caramelize the sugar. Pass single cream with them.



A READER WRITES to me: "I have asked some near neighbours just for a drink, to meet some friends who are remaining for dinner. The problem is: What can I do about the duck I have ordered? If the friends for drinks stay a little longer than I anticipate, my duck will be overcooked and so will the vegetables. Would it be wrong to serve the duck cold?"

I thought that that would be wise and wrote and told her so. She wanted to serve the duck with apple-and-prune stuffing. Would that be all right? Well, I think it would be the best of all ways to serve it. Domestic duck, for some people, tastes much better cold than hot, just as hot roast pork is impossible for many folk but delicious and acceptable when cold.

The duck, I was told, was a large one (almost 7 lb.) and this reader did not want to bone it or have it boned. For the fun of it, I carried out the same procedure that I advised. My duck was an even larger one, nearly 7½ lb., and it required long slow cooking.

PERSONAL

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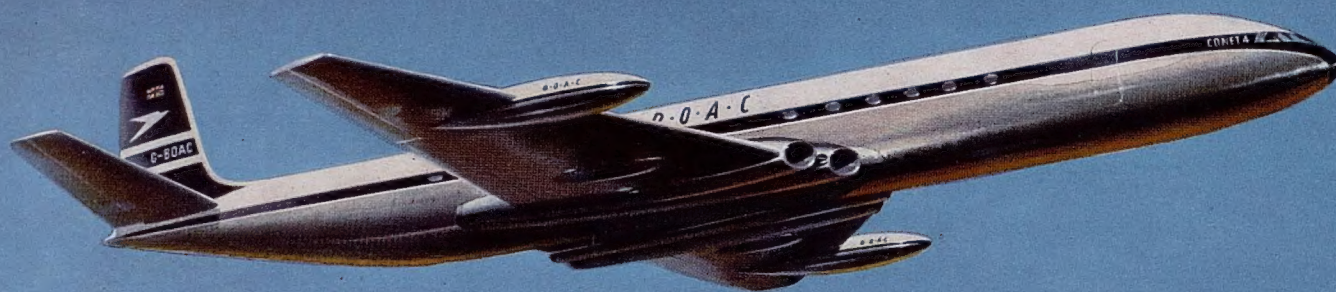
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